“The Unremembered Ocean”

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“The Unremembered Ocean”

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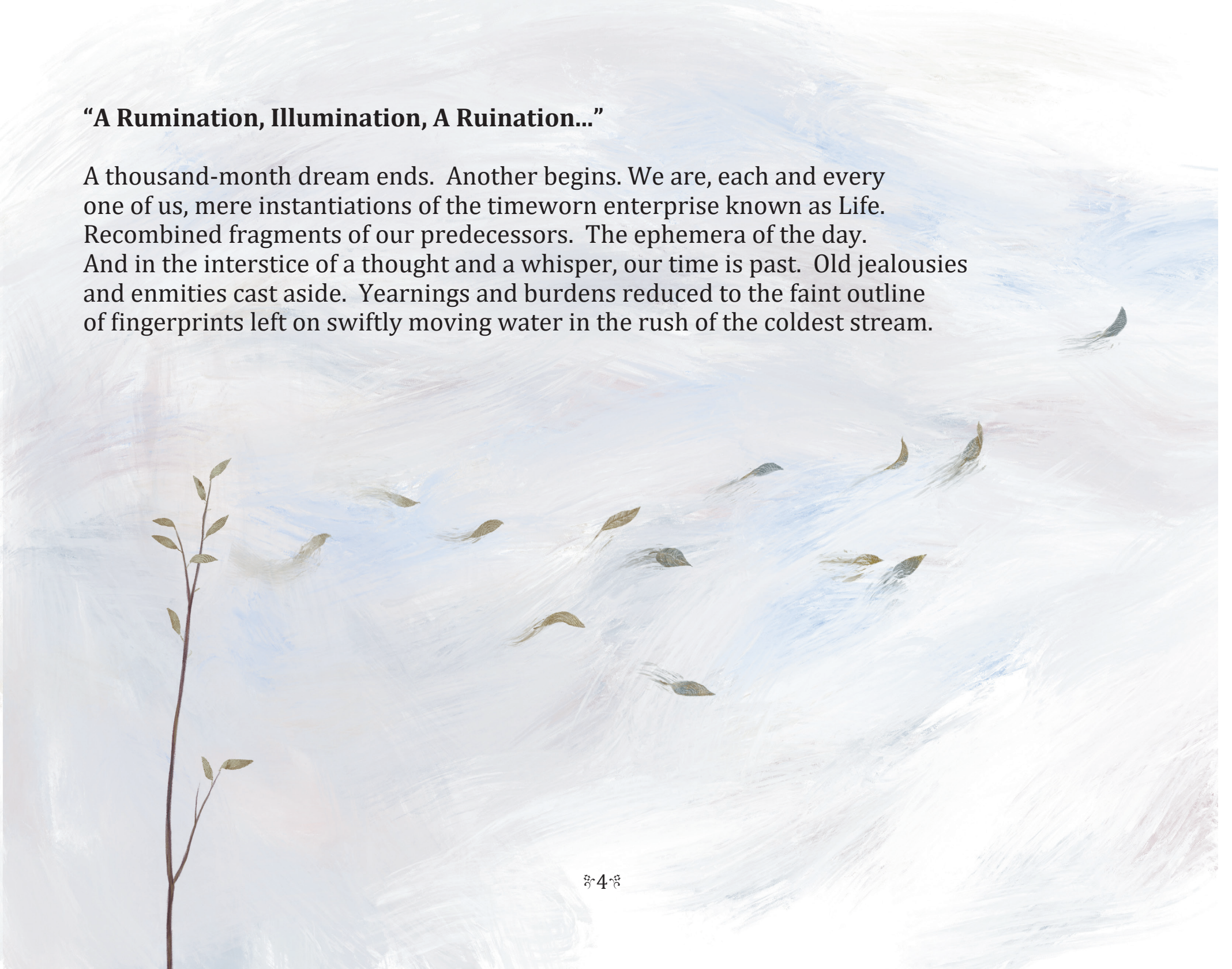
This work is dedicated to the ghosts: the absent, the lost,
those waiting to be born, and those waiting to forget...

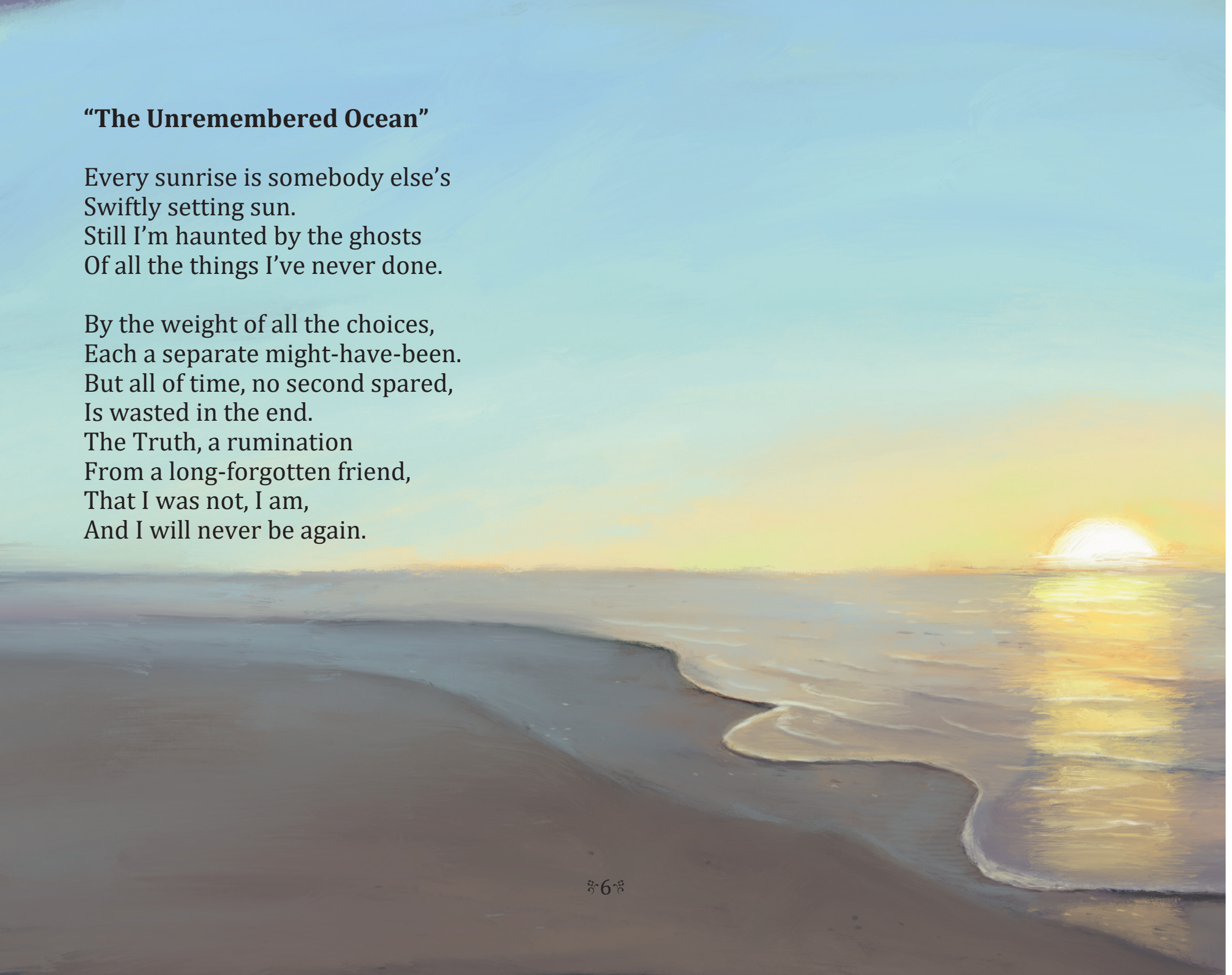
What is life but an always fading echo...

i promise to remember you,
and you'll remember me...
*...but no one will remember **us**, you see...*

“A Rumination, Illumination, A Ruination…”

A thousand-month dream ends. Another begins. We are, each and every one of us, mere instantiations of the timeworn enterprise known as Life. Recombined fragments of our predecessors. The ephemera of the day. And in the interstice of a thought and a whisper, our time is past. Old jealousies and enmities cast aside. Yearnings and burdens reduced to the faint outline of fingerprints left on swiftly moving water in the rush of the coldest stream.





“The Unremembered Ocean”

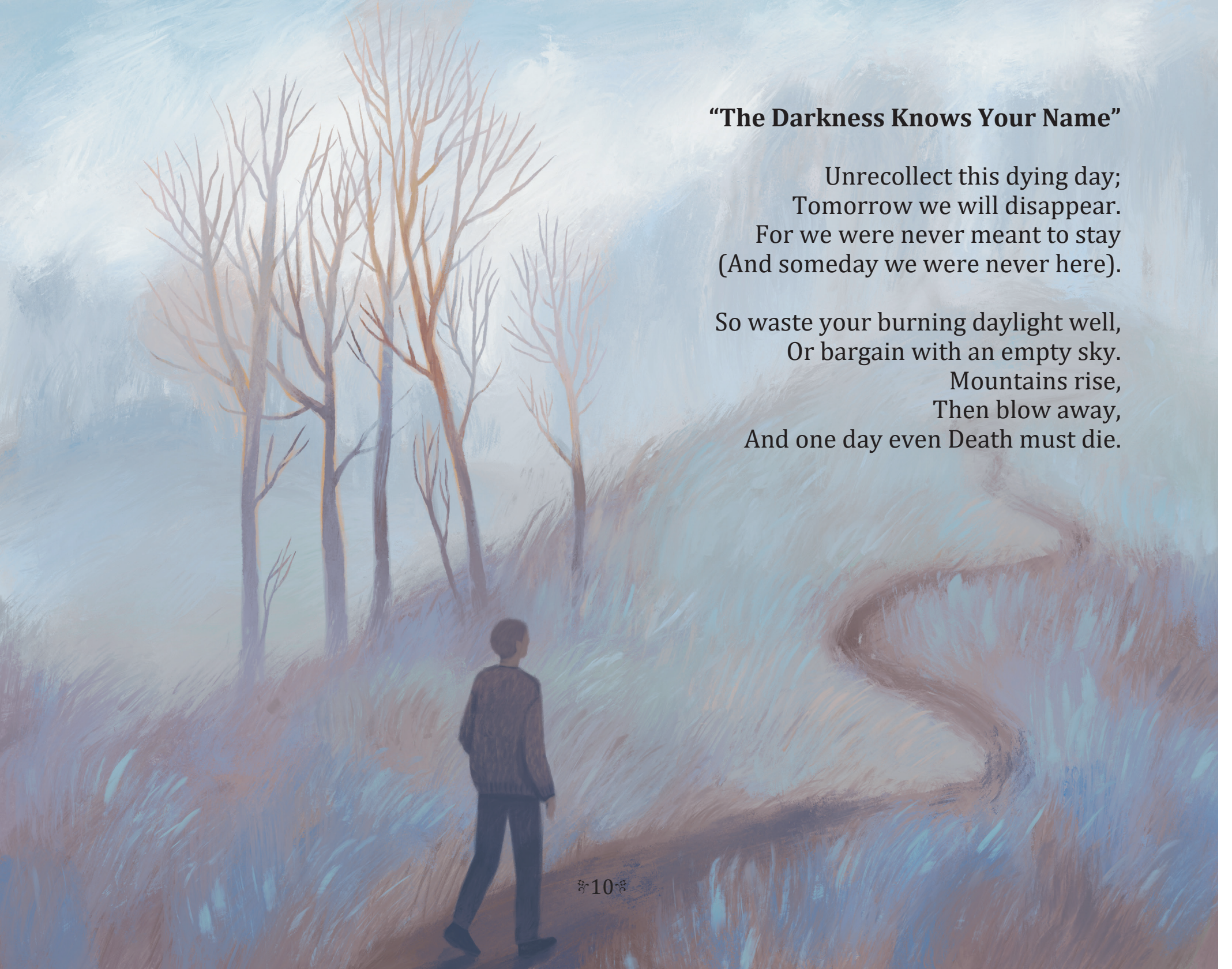
Every sunrise is somebody else’s
Swiftly setting sun.
Still I’m haunted by the ghosts
Of all the things I’ve never done.

By the weight of all the choices,
Each a separate might-have-been.
But all of time, no second spared,
Is wasted in the end.
The Truth, a rumination
From a long-forgotten friend,
That I was not, I am,
And I will never be again.

When everyone you've ever loved
And all of those once known
Reside in silent cities under stone.
A reminder,
As the Unremembered Ocean claims its own,
Though side by side,
we live and die
(alone)

Weigh the cost and balance
What we can with what we must, and so we
Write our lives on water
As we march back to the dust.

Promise me that we were here,
That nothing truly dies.
Whisper Always and Forever...
...Then tell me other lies.
When the light reflected from a trillion
Trillion sightless eyes
Become as ghosts
In someone else's skies.



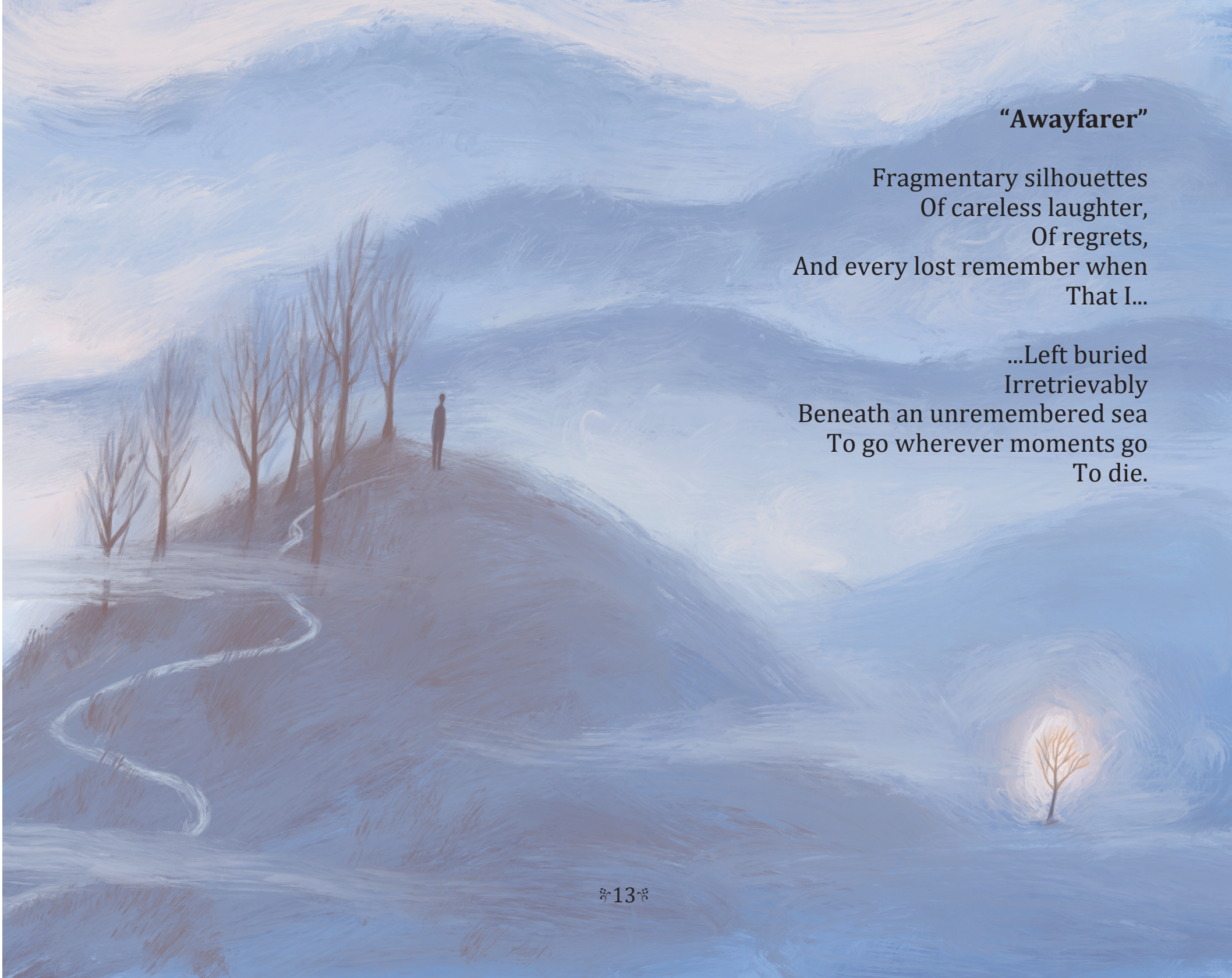
“The Darkness Knows Your Name”

Unrecollect this dying day;
Tomorrow we will disappear.
For we were never meant to stay
(And someday we were never here).

So waste your burning daylight well,
Or bargain with an empty sky.
Mountains rise,
Then blow away,
And one day even Death must die.

The darkness knows your name, my friend.
Always fading echoes end.
The river flows
Where no one knows,
And then...

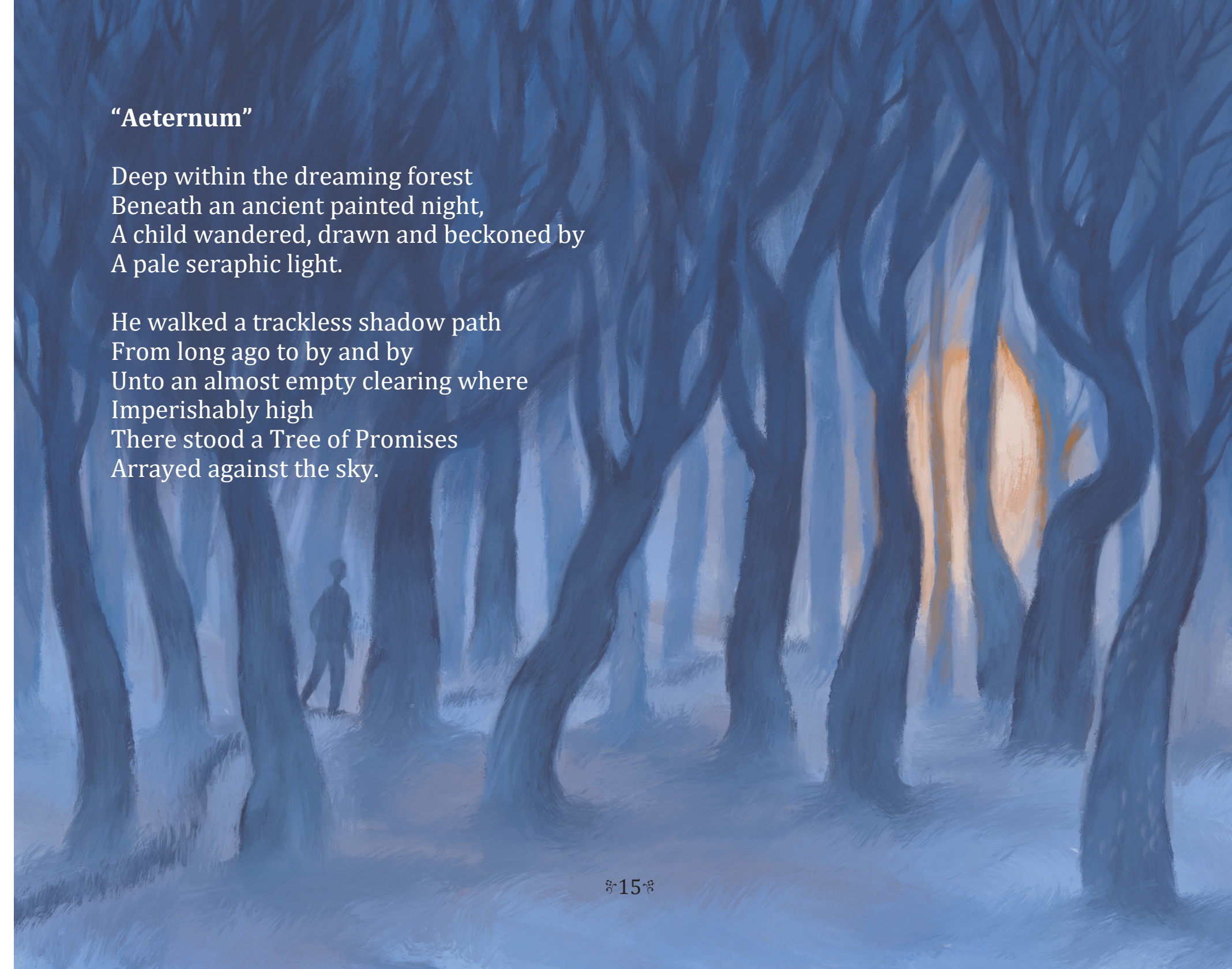
...Like so much smoke
Upon the dawn,
We're born, we wonder, then we're gone,
And all that was
Now wasn't
Once again.



“Awayfarer”

Fragmentary silhouettes
Of careless laughter,
Of regrets,
And every lost remember when
That I...

...Left buried
Irretrievably
Beneath an unremembered sea
To go wherever moments go
To die.



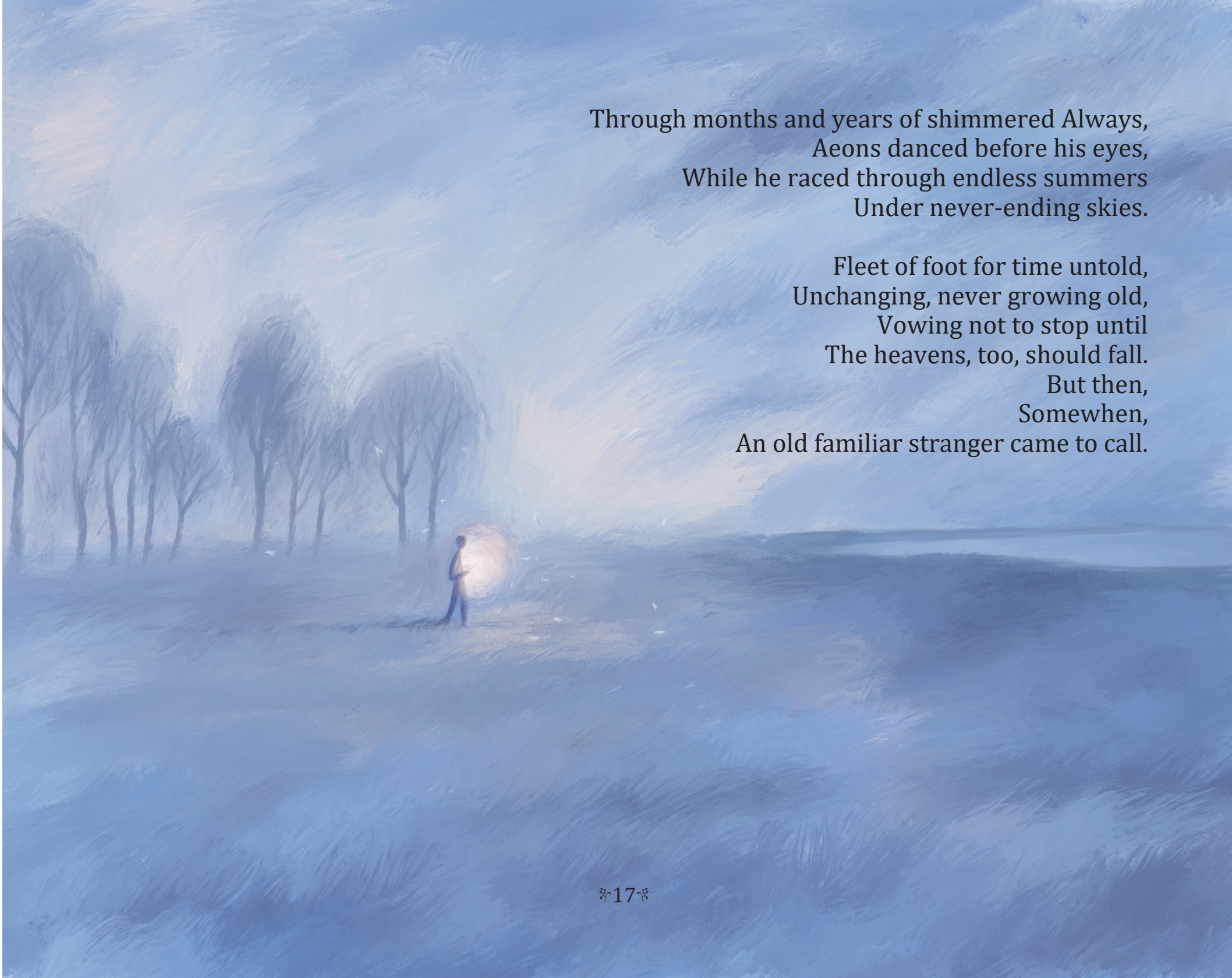
“Aeternum”

Deep within the dreaming forest
Beneath an ancient painted night,
A child wandered, drawn and beckoned by
A pale seraphic light.

He walked a trackless shadow path
From long ago to by and by
Unto an almost empty clearing where
Imperishably high
There stood a Tree of Promises
Arrayed against the sky.

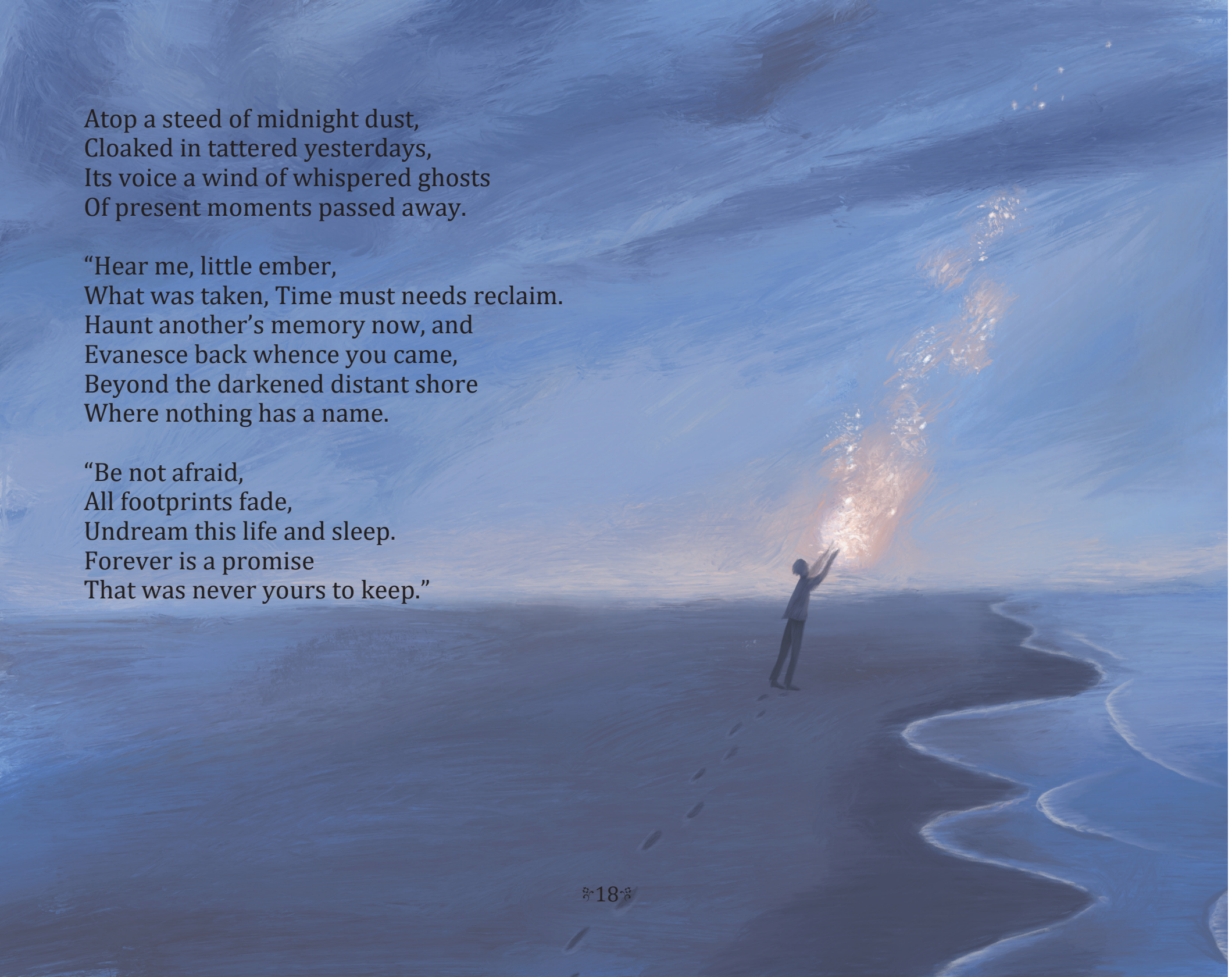
Its trunk of burnished timeless Truth.
Wisdom crowned its canopy.
With all that could and all that might
Among its iridescent leaves.

Bereft of forethought, impulse driven,
Lacking judgment or a plan,
With wonderstruck abandon, he
(As only children can)
Plucked Forever from a waiting branch
And ran.



Through months and years of shimmered Always,
Aeons danced before his eyes,
While he raced through endless summers
Under never-ending skies.

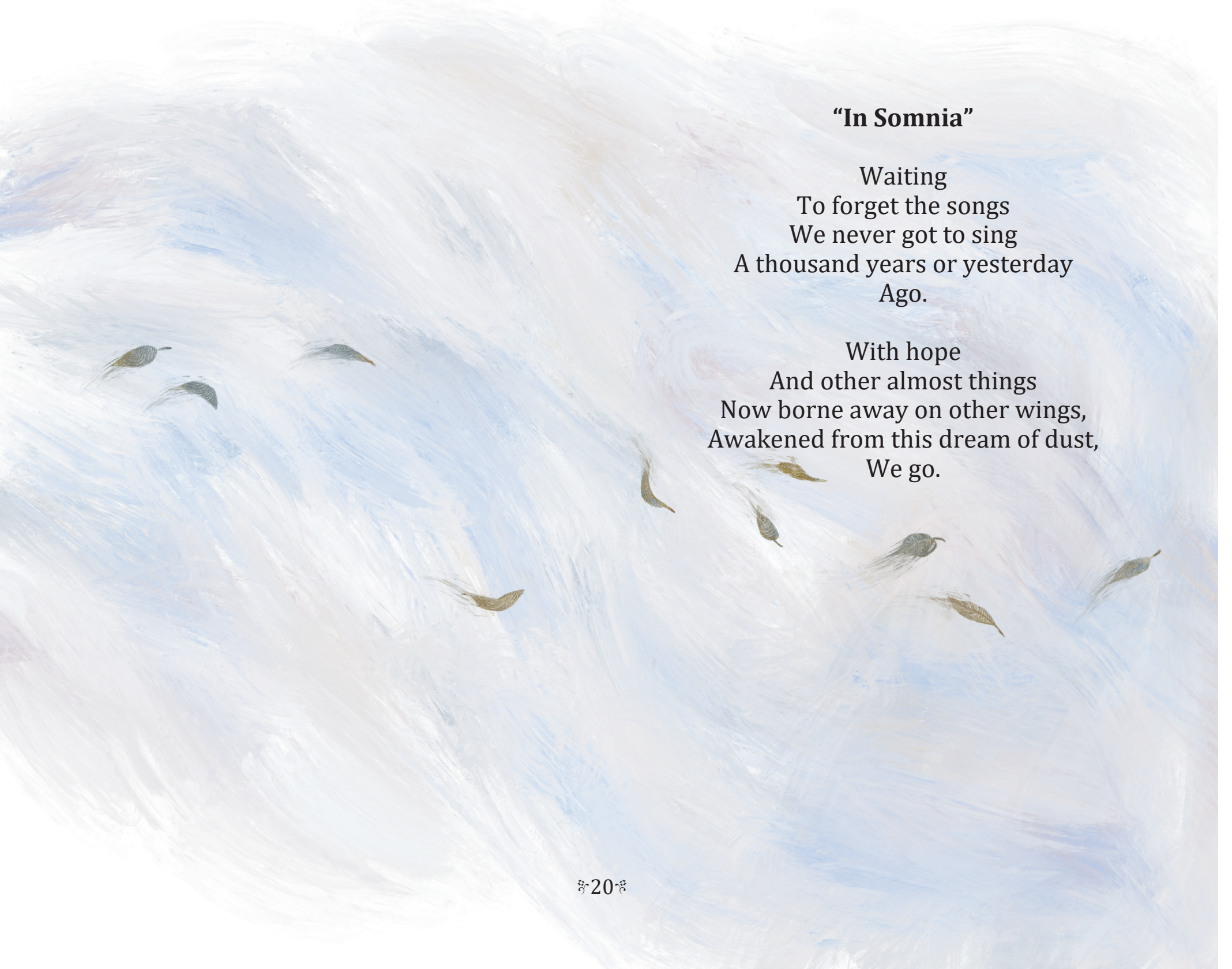
Fleet of foot for time untold,
Unchanging, never growing old,
Vowing not to stop until
The heavens, too, should fall.
But then,
Somewhen,
An old familiar stranger came to call.



Atop a steed of midnight dust,
Cloaked in tattered yesterdays,
Its voice a wind of whispered ghosts
Of present moments passed away.

“Hear me, little ember,
What was taken, Time must needs reclaim.
Haunt another’s memory now, and
Evanesce back whence you came,
Beyond the darkened distant shore
Where nothing has a name.

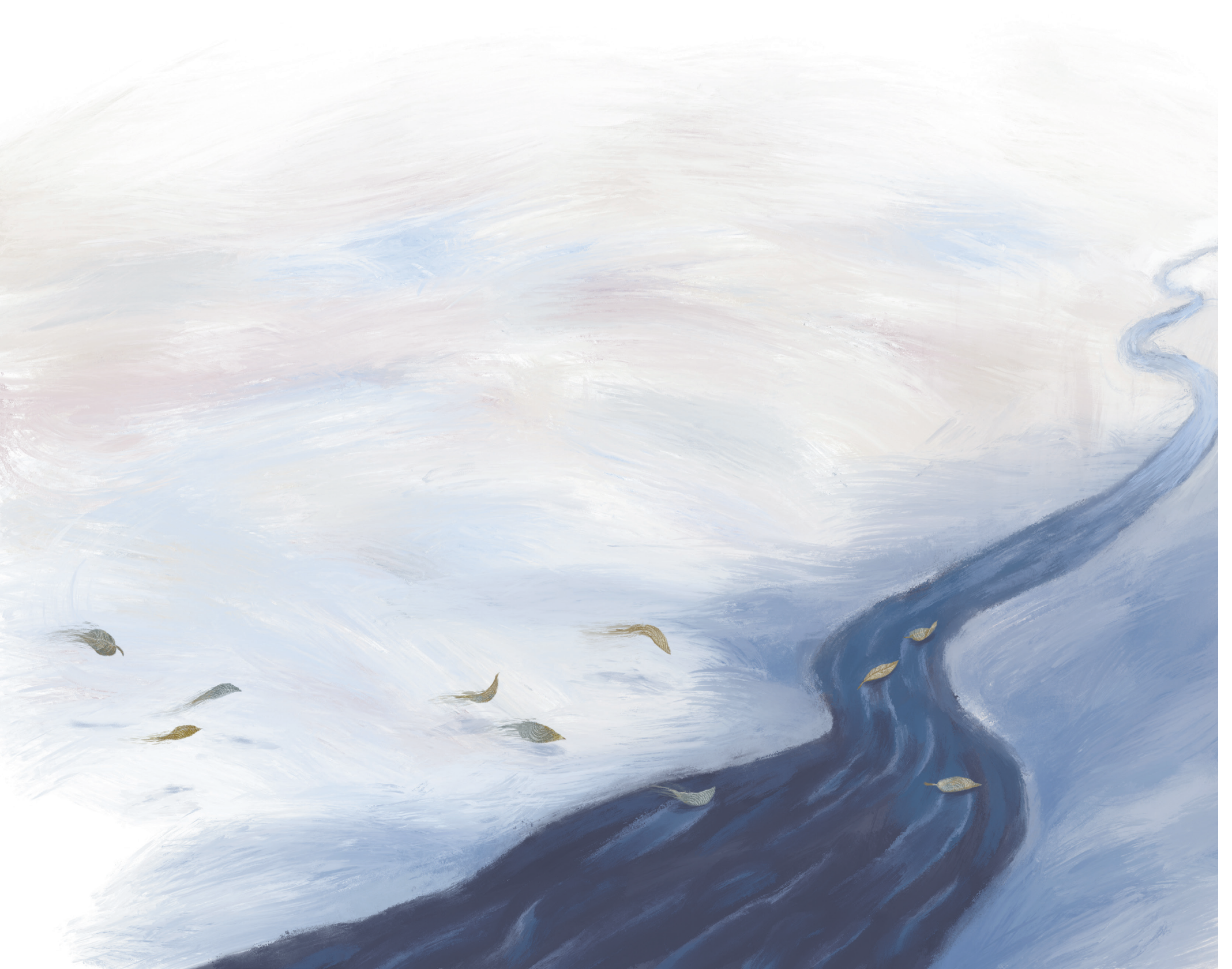
“Be not afraid,
All footprints fade,
Undream this life and sleep.
Forever is a promise
That was never yours to keep.”



“In Somnia”

Waiting
To forget the songs
We never got to sing
A thousand years or yesterday
Ago.

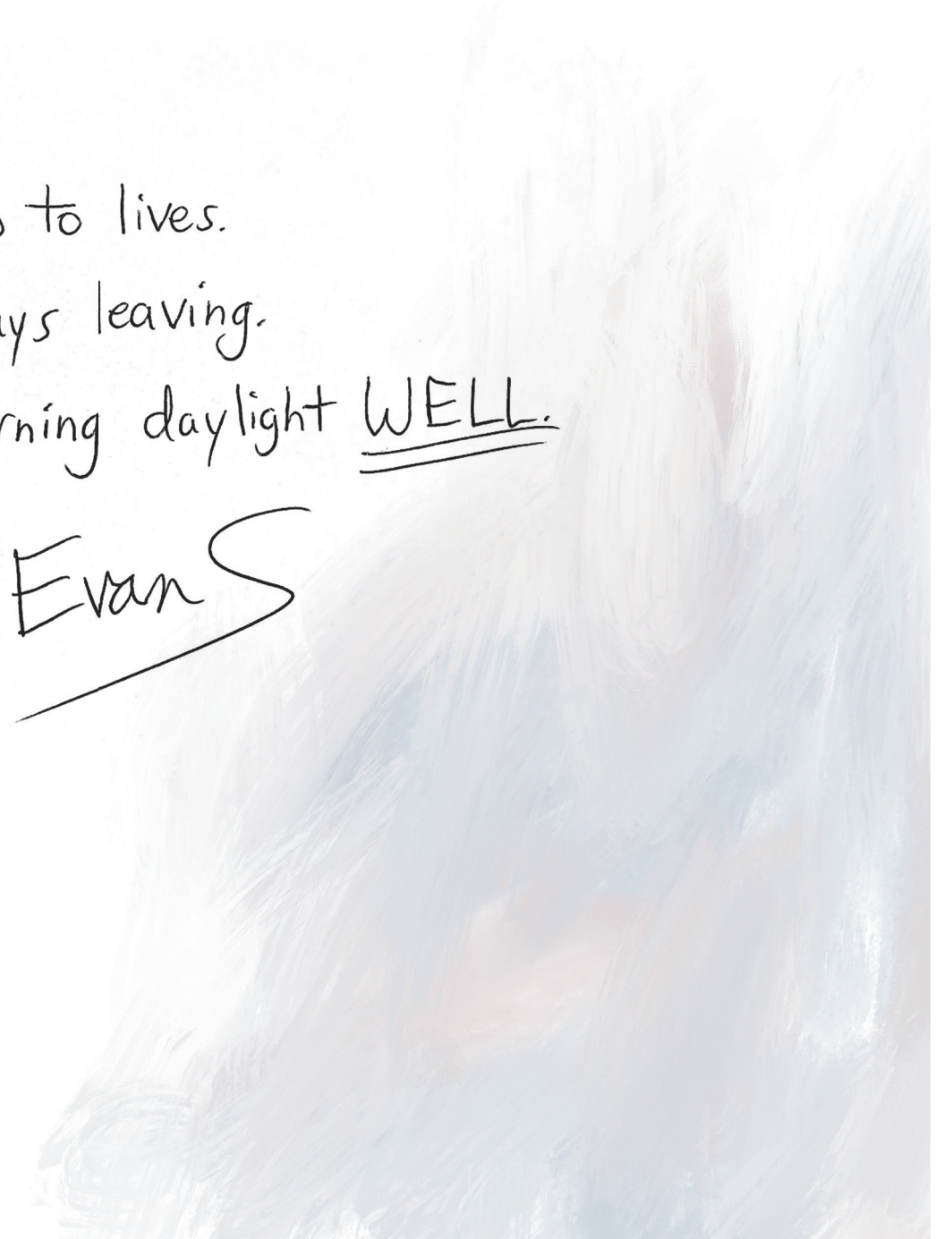
With hope
And other almost things
Now borne away on other wings,
Awakened from this dream of dust,
We go.



An End

The leaves add up to lives.
The lives are always leaving.
Waste your burning daylight WELL.

Evan S



About the Author:

Evan Sebastian Umbra lives in the western United States, where he thoughtfully and carefully observes humanity from a distance, all the while lost in the reverie of a second-order stardust dream.